

Vol. 1. }
No. 1. }

{ Price
{ Five cents.

High School Student.

Westborough, Mass.

DECEMBER, 1885.

Winter Term of thirteen weeks begins Monday, Jan. 4.

CASH.

CASH.

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High School Student.

VOL. I.
No. 1.

Westboro, Mass., December 18, 1885.

PRICE
FIVE CENTS.

SUNRISE.

The shadowy night is fleeting fast,
O'er distant hills and lakes,
The sky grows bright, with red o'ercast,
'Tis day, the morning breaks !

The sun sheds forth its glorious rays,
The waiting lands rejoice.
And nature speaks in notes of praise,
With many a wondrous voice.

On dew-drops fall his radiant beams,
On every leaf and flower.
And each a sparkling diamond seems,
The jewel of an hour.

Behold yon distant mountain height,
Where rest eternal snows,
Reflecting back its glorious light
In heavenly tints of rose.

On ocean's broad expanse it shines,
On every isle and shore,
No bond its gentle power confines,
It has all gifts in store.

How great that such a sun was made for us !
How small compared with him who made it thus ?

PLEASURE SEEKING.

There is born in every one a desire to please only himself, and to have others please him. But what is pleasure ? it may be asked. No distinct quality in itself, but that condition best suited to the tastes and habits of each separate person.

Blessed is he whose desires extend no farther than his own fireside. What an immense number of mis-haps of all kinds might be avoided, if people were content to stay at home, and not go driving around the world in pursuit of that which they too often find the opposite of what they desire.

Then, too, nearly every one is dissatisfied with his lot in life. The poor envy the rich, and long for their ease and apparent enjoyment, which if possessed they would be at a loss to enjoy. Many a rich man would gladly give all he owns for the health and strength of a common day laborer.

But notwithstanding the fact that men envy one another, not any one, probably, whatever his condition, would be willing to be some one else. Many think they would, at times, and so they would like to exchange their poverty for some rich man's wealth, or for his fine farm or stately mansion ; but when it comes to giving up their friends for some other person's unknown friends, and taking his habits, cares, and responsibilities, there is no one who would not refuse. Every man thinks his particular business more toilsome than any other employment.

The student complains of the hardness of his lot, and looks forward to the time when he shall have finished his education. And yet, every one in after years looks back upon his school days as the pleasantest of his life. The closely confined man of business longs for the fresh air and green fields of the country, and thinks of the ease and happiness of the farmer's life ; the tiller of the soil complains of the hardness of his life,

and gazes longingly at the lawyer reclining at ease in his chair and "raking in the dollars."

The man of leisure thinks of the "music of labor," and seeing others busy in their work, longs for employment. How many rich men, who have retired from business, expecting to have perfect enjoyment, find that business and pleasure go hand in hand. Pleasure anywhere but at home, is the spirit of this fashionable age. Those who live by the seaside search for it among the mountains. The people of inland regions believe that it is found by the sea. America rushes to Europe, and Europe flies to the East. And we believe that those who rush here and there in search of pleasure will return as empty handed as they went out.

One may gain experience, knowledge, culture, and much that is valuable by travel and intercourse with people other than his own. But he who does not carry pleasure and contentment in his own right hand, may seek vainly in all the wide world and find it not.

LEGENDARY FLOWERS.

In 481, Clovis became ruler of France, and after conquering Gaul, he was besieged by the Germans who had nearly overcome him. His wife, Clotilda, who was a Christian, had long urged him to become one, also, but he had refused. At last, worn out with fighting against the Germans, Clovis said, "O God of Clo-

tilda, if thou wilt give me this victory, I will serve thee."

Suddenly the battle turned in his favor. He was baptized, and an old legend tells that at the ceremony an angel appeared and gave him a banner, on which were *fleur-de-lis*, to show the approval of God. At first, the banner was a field azure, sprinkled with golden *fleur-de-lis*. In the reign of Charles V., the number was reduced to three, and as the national flag was white, the lilies became white to show that France and her sovereign were one.

Louis IX. (St. Louis) took for his device *fleur-de-lis*, and a marguerite or daisy in honor of his queen Marguerite. The banner of Joan of Arc at the siege of Rheims represented the Deity grasping the globe of the earth surrounded by *fleur-de-lis*, and to make her memory lasting, Charles VII. gave to her family the name of *Lis*.

In 1450, some English nobles in the Temple Gardens were talking about the rival claims of the houses of York and Lancaster, when they saw Richard of York approaching. They ceased talking, and Richard wanted to know about what they were speaking; as they did not reply, he asked which person they considered the rightful heir to the throne. But the men still continued silent, and Richard told them if they did not wish to express in words their opinion, to pick a white rose if they considered him the heir. Earls Somerset and Suffolk declared for the reigning king, Henry of Lancaster, and they picked a red rose. Then Vernon, a friend

of Richard's, said that he who had the greater number of roses should be king. After some murmuring, this was agreed to, but it did not settle the question, nor was it settled for thirty years, at the end of which time the two houses were united by the marriage of Henry VII., of Lancaster, to Elizabeth, of York.

"Let merry England proudly rear
Her blended roses, bought so dear."

For some time people have been uncertain what the shamrock of Ireland really was; whether it was the oxalis (wood sorrel), or clover, but it is now thought to be the oxalis. St. Patrick was taken from his home in Britain, and carried as a slave to Ireland, where he remained six years. One day, while ploughing, he found a piece of gold, with which he bought his freedom. He returned home; his parents were, of course, glad to see him, but his stay in Ireland had filled him with a desire to help the people. So he went to France, and after studying there, was sent as a missionary to the Irish. He commenced his work immediately, going from place to place. As he was telling the people about the doctrine of the Trinity, they did not understand his meaning, and demanded an explanation. After thinking a few moments St. Patrick stooped, picked a leaf of the shamrock and showed to his hearers the symbol of the Three in One.

"In Scotland grows a warlike flower,
Too rough to bloom in ladies' bower.
His crest on high the soldier bears,
And spurs his courser on the spears.
O there it blossoms, there it blows—
The thistle's grown above the rose."

The Danes had made their way into Scotland, and were sure of conquering that country if they could only reach the castle without disturbing the soldiers. They had nearly reached the castle when the men inside were roused and startled by loud cries. They went out and found the Danes almost upon them. The enemy was crossing the moat, which, instead of being filled with water, was filled with thistles which had so hurt them that they cried out. As the thistle was the means of saving Scotland from the enemy, it was adopted as the national flower. The Knights of the Thistle, or of St. Andrew, have for their motto, "Nemo me impune lacessit," or in Scotch, "Tak tent how ye meddle wi' me," which is in plain English, "No one shall touch me with impunity."

OUR PARTY AT WOODVILLE.

About 7 o'clock on the evening of October 30 there might have been seen in front of the Congregational church a small party of youths and maidens who seemed off for a good time. Soon a barge was driven up, and after being well filled by those in waiting, it started on the road to Woodville.

But some one may wish to know who these young people were, and where and for what purpose they were going in the barge. The explanation is simple, it was a company of High School pupils on their way to a party. Miss Addie Jenkins, one of our schoolmates, had invited a part of the school to spend the evening at her home in Woodville.

Soon after starting, we were regaled with the melodious notes of fish-horns, which some of the boys had brought along concealed beneath their coats, and with which they intended to "paint Woodville red."

Singing was also largely indulged in as we rode along, and such selections as "Evelina," "Aunt Dinah's Quilting Party," "The Bull Dog on the Bank," and the like, were finely rendered.

At length we reached Woodville, and leaving the barge, we were obliged to go a short distance on foot. As it had been raining the greater part of the day, the walking was not very good and several of the boys left their "shine" in the road.

When we reached our destination we found everything in readiness for us, and in a short time we were enjoying the games usually played at such parties. Several times during the evening the boys came together and sang some of the songs which they had been practicing especially for this occasion, and sometimes they added verses not usually printed with the songs. At one time a certain young gentleman familiarly known to his schoolmates as "Cats," was noticed sitting on the stairs, attempting to play on a flute. He had a large and attentive audience. It was also remarked that two of the editors of the "Student" had a special meeting.

But all parties must come to an end, and the hour of midnight was fast drawing near; so putting on our wraps and bidding our hostess good

night, (or more properly good morning,) we set out for home, after having passed an evening which we shall recall with pleasure.

NEW ENGLAND LIFE FIFTY YEARS AGO.

New England life fifty years ago was very different from that of the present time. The years have been years of great improvement and invention.

Let us glance back half a century, and learn of the manners and customs and mode of living at that time. The houses were built, not so much for show as for warmth and comfort, and the windows were small, with very small panes of glass. The kitchen was the most important room, and also the largest. If it could speak, it might tell many stories of "apple-bees" and dances that had been held there. On one side of the kitchen was always a large brick fireplace, with its huge square chimney reaching through the roof; on great occasions the brick oven was heated. It was five feet square, and people who remember those days will tell you that food then was always "done to a turn." Matches then were unheard of, and fire was made by rubbing a flint and steel together and dropping the sparks into a box of tinder. The churches were cold and uncomfortable. There were three services each Sunday, morning, afternoon, and evening, and children became tired by bed time. The churches were few in number and some families went four and five miles

on foot. Scholars did not have the advantages then that we have now, and education was obtained more from observation than from books. Grammar, arithmetic, geography, and spelling were the studies taught in the schools. Boys went three months in the year; in the summer they were obliged to remain at home and work on the farm. Ladies taught in summer and gentlemen in the winter. Travelling was mostly on foot or on horseback.

The stage-coach made trips daily from Westboro to Boston, the fare being \$1.25 each way. Cars began to run from here to Boston about 1835; before that time all produce was carried on carts. But few towns had stores; some had only one, in which the post-office was usually located, and where could be bought nearly everything, from salt fish to lace or dress goods. In the winter evenings "huskings" were held in barns, where red ears, as well as other kinds, were in abundance. After the huskings the barn floor was cleared for dancing which was indulged in until a very late hour.

The two great events of the year were "Old Election" and Thanksgiving. "Old Election" was the last Wednesday in May, when the Governor took the chair.

Thanksgiving was the most important, especially to the young people. In the morning the family carriage was brought around to the door and all the family went to church except the mother, who remained at home to look after the grand dinner. In the

evening friends were invited, when "blindman's buff" was played, after which dancing was begun in the great kitchen.

Such was New England life half a century ago; and though changed much, there is still room for improvement.

IMPORTANCE OF TRIFLES.

Trifles are generally regarded as things of very little importance.

We will attempt to show that they are of the greatest importance; first, in nature; second, in life.

In the first place, we know that every thing, great or small, is made up of trifles; that the mountain is not composed of one particle of matter, but of many particles; that one drop of water does not make an ocean, but millions of drops. In these cases, although a single trifle may be of little moment, yet the many trifles are of the greatest importance.

It is said, that if a single particle of matter should be destroyed, the order of the whole universe would be changed. So we can see how important a trifle may be in nature. And now as to the importance of trifles in life. In very many cases, they are occurrences which change the whole course of one's life for better or worse.

Many a man has risen to distinction, who would probably have remained in comparative obscurity, but for some little event which changed his whole career. We are told, that by the death, during a thunder storm, of a companion with whom he was

traveling, the whole course of Luther's life was changed; and with what a glorious result!

The many vices into which the people of our day fall, and which bring so many lives to an early end, are the results of too lightly esteeming the importance of trifles.

To the man taking his first glass of intoxicating drink, the act seems but a trifle, but when he finds himself in the lowest pits of ruin, with no possibility of rising, the importance of the first glass is fully demonstrated.

The taking of the first dollar from the money box of an employer; or the first cent "borrowed" from the bank by a cashier; these may seem to some to be trifles; but when one's character and position are gone, they are viewed in a different light. The first dishonest deed; the first mean act; the first advantage taken over those powerless to resist, are by no means trifles, when seen from an after point of view.

Then as to the importance of trifles in every day life.

Every little act, whether good or evil, has, and will continue to have, its influence on our lives and in the estimation of others.

And in this way of looking at the importance of trifles on character, their value cannot be overestimated, for we know that in the making of character, as well as of statues, "trifles make perfection; but perfection itself is no trifle."

A road-bed is for the convenience of wheels when they are tired.

EMPTY HONOR.

How many earthly honor seeks,
Which oft is but an empty "dream,"
And thousands show their nature weak,
By striving hard for worldly fame.
'Tis better far to be content
With what may seem our "humble lot,"
Believing it was wisely sent,
Though we, perhaps can see it not.

A BUSY WORLD.

What a busy world is this,
Where men toil every day
For a little earthly bliss
Which soon will pass away.
Who lay up most in store,
Are oft unsatisfied;
Still crying "give us more,"
Their wants are ne'er supplied.

THE HUSKING PARTY.

On the evening of the 9th of October, a bus packed full to overflowing with W. H. S. scholars started for Hopkinton Springs for a husking party. The ride down was a very pleasant one, and as every one seemed to think it his duty to make all the noise he possibly could, we were a very quiet and orderly crowd. There was one event that proved very pleasant (to the young gentlemen). When a hill was reached, which was a frequent occurrence, the young gentlemen were politely requested to jump out and walk up the hill. Some even hid away in dark corners to get rid of so doing. The singing by the W. H. S. Glee Club was considered very fine by strangers passing on the road.

We arrived at our destination, Mr. Gibbs' residence, at about 8 o'clock, and after being welcomed by our hostess, we proceeded to the barn. There some pretty lively work was accomplished, and the quantity of red

ears found was amazing. One of our seniors remarked, that he seemed to find a red ear every time he put his hand in his pocket. After a while the work grew tiresome, and we returned to the house, where several games were played. These were followed by refreshments, and a few light-footed ones, having secured a young lady to hammer the piano, danced a quadrille and Virginia reel. We bade farewell to Hopkinton Springs about 12.30 o'clock, and the return trip was a very jolly one. It seemed quite impossible to stop that glee club. We arrived at Westboro at about 1.30 A. M., and sleepily tumbled out of the bus and started on our different paths for home. Next Monday morning remarks of this nature were heard at school; "Alice said she didn't get up till 1 o'clock." "Say, did you know "Cats" had a stiff neck?" "Frank said he didn't get home until 4 o'clock." "I wonder if "Hi" ran past the cemetery coming home from Mt. Pleasant." All said they had a jolly time, and it is a pleasure which we hope will be repeated.

ON OUR CAMPUS.

W. H. S. 23. M. H. S. 25.

On Sept. 12, the clubs representing the Westboro' High School, and the Marlboro' High School crossed bats for the second time this season on Robinson's field, Westboro'. The W. H. S. feared defeat before the game, on account of the absence of Fairbanks, '85, their pitcher, who was sick. After the first inning, they

were more cheerful, the score being W. H. S. 4, M. H. S. 2. Four more innings, and the boys were filled with joy, as the score sheet showed 21—5 in our favor. Now comes the saddest part of the story, for the W. H. S. lost all interest in the game and the M. H. S. began filling up the runs until, at the eighth inning they were but five behind. The W. H. S. came to the bat, but were retired with one run. Brigham was first at the bat for Marlboro, he made a two base hit but was put out at second. Three runs more were made, then two outs and the game closed. The score:

M. H. S.

	R	1 B	T. B.	P. O.	A.
Brigham, s. s.,	3	1	2	1	3
Kenney, c.,	5	2	3	6	2
English, p.,	3	3	4	4	4
Howe, c. f.,	1	0	0	1	0
Marsh, r. f.,	2	1	1	0	1
Alley, 1 b.,	4	2	3	6	0
Copeland, 2 b.,	3	0	0	7	1
Egan, 3 b.,	2	0	0	2	2
Stevens, l. f.,	2	0	0	0	1
Totals,	25	9	13	27	14

W. H. S.

	R	1 B.	T. B.	P. O.	A.
Maley, p.,	3	2	2	1	6
W. A. Fairbanks, c.,	4	3	4	6	4
Sturtevant, 1 b.,	5	1	1	12	1
Lebean, c. f.,	3	0	0	1	1
J. A. Fairbanks, 2 b.,	3	0	0	3	0
Walker, c. f.,	2	0	0	1	0
Day, s. s.,	2	0	0	1	0
Fales, r. f.,	2	2	2	0	2
Emery, 3 b.,	4	4	4	2	0
Tota's,	28	12	13	27	14

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
M. H. S.	2	0	2	1	0	7	1	9	3—25
W. H. S.	4	6	7	0	4	5	0	1	1—23

Umpires, J. W. and H. F. Slattery of Boston College.

NOTES.

During the M. H. S. vs. W. H. S. base ball game when the Marlboro pitcher was on third base, some one asked who it was on that base. The reply was, "Why it's English, you know."

High School Student.

WESTBORO, MASS.,

FRIDAY, DEC. 18, 1885.

EDITORS:

J. HARRY FAYERWEATHER, { Class '86.
ADDIE L. JENKINS, {
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This Paper is published by the Students of Westboro High School, and, with the exception of the article on Phillips Exeter Academy, is supported by voluntary contributions from the members of the school.

EDITORIAL.

"When in the course of human events" the students of the High School became interested in entering the field of journalism, they set on foot an enterprise which, it is hoped, will lead them to be considered equal in this respect to their sister schools and academies.

In preparing this, the first number of the Student, the editors have tried to make it a success sufficient to secure its continuance. Let us ask that you receive this stranger kindly and with mild criticism.

In issuing this magazine an opportunity has been afforded the students to exercise their literary ability and to gain some insight into the management of a paper.

In the notes on academies and colleges, we wish to give some hints to those who desire to pursue higher studies after their High School course.

In "On Our Campus," we have re-

corded progress in physical culture, and in "Squibs" and "It is Whispered" we have pictured the humorous side of life at the W. H. S.

We desire here to express our thanks to those who have aided us with contributions of poetry or prose. Neither can we let this opportunity go by without acknowledging our obligations to the business men of Westboro for their generous support in the way of advertisements and encouraging words.

Let us hope that by the patronage of our students, they will have a return for their investment.

THE TERM.

All things end, and thus the fall term of fifteen weeks comes to a termination on Friday, Dec 18.

The term has been a pleasant one for all, and not until Thanksgiving came did we think that the term was almost gone.

The same teachers preside over the school as last year.

We came together for the first time in the term, on the morning of Sept. 7, and welcomed the twenty-eight Freshmen who came up from below to form a part of our school. Unaccustomed to the large room, and the many scholars, dreading the rhetorical exercises which were coming, and not knowing the many little customs, which are learned only by experience, no wonder their hearts sank within them. But all this is over now.

The present Senior class is unusually large, numbering nineteen, while that of last year contained ten. The

Junior class may be called the Woman's Rights class as it has of boys but three, while of girls it has twelve.

The Sophomores are the smallest class in school, having but eight members.

The Freshmen have been already mentioned.

The class of '85 is well remembered by its friends, and we can say to them that their tree remains, like them, tall and upright, though at present it shows no signs of greenness.

Let us look now at a few figures. The whole number of students is 70. The Seniors number 19, the Juniors 15, the Sophomores 8, and the Freshmen 28. The oldest student is 19 years of age; the youngest 14; the number of societies connected with the school 3; the number of studies taken up and completed this term 4; number finished this term 7; number of visitors 25.

The events of the term: the husking and Woodville parties are described elsewhere; twice during the term has the school been photographed; the first picture was taken in front of the school building, under the pine trees, and the second near the eastern corner of the school house. The students were fortunate in hearing an address by Prof. Shorb, the blind lecturer, who spoke to them for an hour on subjects of interest and profit.

The vacation of two weeks will be followed by the winter term of thirteen weeks, beginning Jan. 4.

Lost at sea—the boy who didn't know the alphabet past B.

QUOTATIONS.

The chains of habit are generally too small to be felt until they are too strong to be broken. Whatever you do, do it with your might. Many a lawyer has made his fortune by simply working with a will.

It is right to be contented with what we have, but never with what we are. Knowledge, like timber, should not be used much until seasoned.

No man can answer for his own valor or courage until he has been in danger.

It is well enough to say "take things as they come," but suppose they don't come.

When fortune knocks at the door, it often finds the man inside too lazy to lift the latch.

"The whole world is a school, in which not only mind, but heart and soul, are to be developed. Our lives are the term of instruction, and we graduate when our earthly education is complete, and we are fitted for a higher state of being, a wider sphere, and a larger activity.

Put not your trust in money, but put your money in trust.—*O. W. Holmes.*

Corkscrews have sunk more people than cork jackets will ever keep up.

Our grand business is not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies closely at home.—*Carlyle.*

Oh how many deeds
Of deathless virtue and immortal crime
The world had wanted, had the actor said
"I will do this to-morrow."—*Russel.*

Mere acquired knowledge belongs to us only like a wooden leg and wax

nose. Knowledge attained by means of thinking resembles our natural limbs, and is the only kind that really belongs to us.—*Schopenhauer*.

Self trust is the essence of heroism.—*Emerson*.

Learn to hold thy tongue. Five words cost Zacharias forty weeks silence.—*Fuller*.

When a man is "rooted to the spot" by fear, does he branch out before he leaves?

How to acquire short-hand—fool around a buzz saw.

It is always put up or shut up with an umbrella.

The best way to shorten sale is to stop advertising.

Scientists tell us that women can be educated up to the point of seeing a mouse and not uttering a sound.

How to have a book rebound—throw it against a wall.

Has it ever occurred to base-ball men, that a milk pitcher is generally a good fly-catcher?

Where are the fragments of the girl who burst into tears one Wednesday afternoon?

He.—I want you to understand, miss, that you can't make a fool of me. She.—I am not so irreverent as to suppose I could improve on the Divine handiwork.

"You are as full of airs as a music box," is what a young man said to a girl who refused to let him see her home. "That may be," was the reply, "but I don't go with a crank."

A sixteen year old girl can soften and whiten her hands, by soaking

them in dishwater three times every day.

"What are the last teeth that come?" asked a teacher of her class in Physiology. "False teeth, mum," replied a sleepy Sophomore in the back seat.—*True Flag*.

"Have you the rise of Silas Lap-ham?" asked a young lady from Chicago of the clerk in a country store, where they kept almost everything. "I dunno whether we've got any of that particular brand, but we've got some all-fired good rice, just the same."

Student, (translating)—"And-er, then-er, he-er, went-er, and-er,"—Prof.—"Don't laugh, gentlemen, to err is human."

Vassar college girls are said to be so modest that they will not work on improper fractions.

"What are you writing such a big hand for, Pat?" "Why you see my grandmother is deaf, and I'm writing a loud letter to her."

WANTED.

A chip from the North Pole.

A filling for the tooth of remorse.

A feather from the bed of a river.

A shingle from the water shed of the country.

A handful of dust from memory's shelf.

Cream skimmed from the milk of human kindness.

A tooth from the jaws of destruction.

A shoe to fit the foot of a mountain.

Soup made from the bone of contention.

SQUIBS.

Lost,—The Senior dignity. Last seen at Woodville, Oct. 30. Finder will please return to I. E. Walker, President of Class '86.

Question,—Does Irving take Rice by the pound?

Found,—A cake crumb, supposed to be the last of several loaves, last seen on a table on Church Street. Any information regarding the missing loaves will be thankfully received by Suke.

Wanted,—An ice cream freezer, and also a crank to turn it.

We are informed by one of the members of the Senior Class in English Literature, that Sir Isaac Newton discovered the circulation of the blood.

Milton's Paradise is Lost, when Day gets ahead of him. They are both lost when they go too far beyond the bridge.

"They are so fresh that full grown blades of grass
Turn pale with envy as they pass"—
The Freshmen.

Why are the scholars of the W. H. S. well cared for? Because they have two Nourses and Winslow's soothing syrup.

Why is the W. H. S. a good place to deposit money? Because it has three Fair-banks.

What are the chief productions of our school? Rice, Greenwood, Bartlett pears, Porter apples and Emery.

What are the indications in regard to the weather at the W. H. S.? Fayerweather.

We stood on the bridge at midnight,
As the clock was striking the hour,
And the moon rose over the mill pond
Behind the saw-mill tower.

THE S. S. C. OF THE W. H. S.

The S. S. C. is a society composed of young lady members of the W. H. S. They belong to the Junior class, although two small Freshies, one Sophie and one Senior belong.

The club meetings are held at the houses of the different members.

The officers consist of a President and Secretary. The process of initiation is a very novel one, and it requires all the courage and strength of the victims to go successfully through this trying ordeal. Sometimes it is necessary for the members of the club to sing some lively air to drown the shrieks of the unfortunates. The entertainments are always very pleasing; one important feature being the reading of the club paper, which is devoted chiefly to scientific and educational articles. To tell the truth, some of the grinds that find their way into the columns of that paper would make outsiders shiver. They did make a party of young gentlemen who were under a window one evening, shiver. They, (that is, the young gentlemen) recovered their spirits, however, by sitting on a stone wall opposite, and singing "Polly Wolly Doodle", a favorite tune among the High School scholars.

The meetings are generally very orderly, but once in a while the Freshman spirit will break loose. Then all the dignity of the President is required to maintain order. The following is a little incident which occurred the evening of October 23. First, I must mention that it is the very pleasant custom of some of the

young gentlemen to follow the young ladies, and listen under the windows. On this occasion, the meeting was held at a residence on the corner of High and Winter streets. At about 8.30 o'clock, certain sounds on the outside gave us to know that the plagues had arrived; but as the blinds were tightly closed, we paid no attention to the outsiders. When we were ready to adjourn, which was at 9 o'clock, instead of going out on to High street, where the young gentlemen were, we went through the back garden on to Winter street, and went home, leaving them in blissful ignorance of the fact. "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

I regret to say that, although most of these young gentlemen are small Freshies, there are still with them some Seniors who, though old in years, still cling to youthful follies.

THE CHERRY MOUNTAIN SLIDE.

Cherry Mountain, situated in the northern part of the White mountains, about two and one-half miles from Jefferson, is made up of three peaks, and it was from the northern one of these that the slide started.

At the foot of the mountain was the house of Mr. Oscar Stanley. Just five weeks before this his house had been burned, and on the morning of the slide, he and two other men were at work on the new house which he was building, when hearing a rumbling noise which sounded like distant thunder, he looked up the mountain in the direction from which the noise came. Shouting to the men

who were with him that the mountain was coming down, he started for the road, and the two carpenters had just time to escape to a place of safety, when the house and barn were struck by the slide. In the barn at the time was a man milking a cow, and on search being made he was found in the ruins, but severely injured; nevertheless it was thought for a time that he would recover, but he died later on from his injuries; he was the only person hurt.

From the top of the peak before mentioned which is very sharp, and is over three thousand feet high, there flowed a little brook, and along the course of this brook the slide descended making a path for itself through the woods and leaving hardly a tree or stump until near the bottom.

The place where the slide started is quite narrow and is very hard to ascend on account of the loose mud upon the smooth rocks. As you go on down, the path of the slide grows wider and is scraped clean of stones, trees, and even dirt. At that point the path is one hundred and seventy-five feet wide, and is the same in width for quite a distance. From the top down for quite a distance, it must be nearly as steep as the roof of a house. After this it grows narrower and follows the course of the brook. Here it is about fifty feet wide and the same in depth, and slants from each side down to the brook. In some places the brook has worn for itself a sort of trench about two feet wide and four deep in the hard gravel; this must have been

done since the slide. As you near the bottom, the path grows less steep and there are a few logs strewn along the sides. At this point the slide made a curve in following the course to the brook and went very near to the door of a Frenchman's house, so close that it was spattered with mud. Here this man is to be found, ready to tell visitors all he knows about the slide and perhaps a good deal more.

Beyond this house, the slide grows wider and passes through a wheat field. Here it goes out on level ground and is piled full of logs, stripped of their branches, and bark, and covered with mud. After it had crossed the road, it struck the house of Mr. Stanley, and made a complete wreck of it. The mass then spread out over several acres of his best farming land, and totally destroyed its use by covering it with logs, some of them two feet in diameter, and with boulders weighing many tons. Mr. Stanley was not able to save anything of his property but a cow with a horn broken at the time of the slide, and one solitary hen, which are kept in a rude shed and may be seen on payment of ten cents. The distance from the top of the mountain to the bottom is about two miles, and it took less than two minutes for the slide to descend. The ruins are spread over a field of fifteen acres and thus so heaped across the road that it was impossible to dig them away, and so the new road was built over them.

Parachutes—two duelists.

TENNIS.

The game of tennis, now played in every part of the world, from the valleys of the Sierras to Japan and the East, is becoming more popular each year, especially among Americans. The eight squares, marked in white, with a net stretched across the middle, are now common on many lawns.

The game of tennis boasts a very ancient origin, being traced back for ages before the Christian Era. It is not quite certain, whether the game originated on the banks of the Nile or the Ganges, or at Nineveh, but certain it is, that in all these places, young, half-naked fellows might be seen throwing balls or dried gourds back and forth, using their hands for bats and having as much amusement, no doubt, as we with the best standard rackets and regulation balls. Several centuries after, we find pictures of athletes playing tennis, carved on stone, and still later, coin were struck with similar representations. It was about this time that heavy gloves began to be used, and soon after cords or tendons were wound about the hand. This form of game is still played in Great Britain, and is called hand tennis. It was not, however, until the fourteenth century that rackets began to be used. The game of tennis was introduced into England in the year 1222, in the reign of Henry III., and was played only by the king and a few of his courtiers. Tennis at this time was a very expensive game, being played in buildings for that purpose,

furnished with galleries, railings, and a carefully laid stone pavement, and other things, which placed it above the means of any but the king and the richest of his followers. The courts were of a shape similar to those of the present day, but a string was stretched across the court, instead of a net; afterwards a fringe was added to this line, and in the year 1700 a net was used. The method of counting, too, was similar to that now used, but the rules of the game were so complex that special attendants were kept to count for the games.

It was in Edward III.'s time, 1365, that tennis received its name of "The Royal Game of Tennis," for at this time it was forbidden that any but kings and their associates should play it, and later kings made similar rules. There were various ways, however, in which the common people managed to play the game in spite of the king's laws, and in spite of the fact that the materials were so costly. The most famous royal set ever played, was between Henry VIII., of England and Emperor Charles V. against the Prince of Orange and the Marquis of Brandenburg, while the Earl of Devonshire and Lord Edmund Howard kept count. The record of the game states that "they played XI full games and were even hands at the close," a statement which is a mystery even to the present time. It was soon after this that a rude form of lawn game sprang up and court tennis was made free to all. The lawn game was despised by the nobles who could afford to

play court tennis, and was branded as "unscientific," but as it became more general it became more popular, and soon almost superseded court tennis, and it is this game with a few changes, which is played at the present time. The particular kind of balls used in the game was first manufactured in the province of Tennois, France, and it is supposed that this was the origin of the name, "Tennis," but this is disputed. M. Barre, who died in 1873, for many years superintendent of the tennis court of the Tuileries, was considered the best court tennis player that ever lived.

EDUCATIONAL NOTES.

Freshmen at Brown are now admitted on certificates.

There are now 269 students in all departments at Vassar.

All meetings of the Amherst Senate are open to the students.

The German Club of Trinity will hold a series of six Germans this year.

Semi-annuals at Christmas and commencement have replaced annuals, at Yale.

Phillips Exeter Academy has 216 students, Andover 285, and Williston Seminary 120.

There are 125 students at the Washington and Lee University, and 130 cadets at the Virginia Military Institute.

There are 610 Freshmen at Oxford University this year, a gain of 40 over last year.

At Cambridge there are 865 Freshmen, a gain of 83.

Among the students at Amherst are a confectioner, barber, and livery stable proprietor.

The Princeton Chess Club is carrying on games with Harvard, Yale, Cornell, and Bowdoin.

Spanish and Italian have been added to the curriculum at Brown, and the range of electives widened.

The ladies of the Cornell Freshman class succeeded in electing the vice president and secretary.

Parrott, Yale '83, a member of the university crew for several years, is practicing law in Jacksonville, Fla.

President McCosh of Princeton has an article in Education on "What an American University Should Be."

Seven Rutgers students have been suspended for hazing, and four Princeton Sophomores were expelled for the same cause.

Brown University library is said to possess the only copy in existence of the "New England Primer." The book is about two inches square and is valued at \$1200. It is a gift of the late Senator Anthony.

A paper has been signed by the faculty and a large body of students at Dartmouth, requesting Mr. D. L. Moody, the noted evangelist, to hold a series of meetings in Hanover at his earliest convenience.

On account of the failure of Geo. I. Seney, the scholarships founded by him will be withdrawn from Wesleyan at the end of the year. They are 40 in number, and range in value from \$150 to \$250 each.

Cornell has 220 Freshmen, Harvard 258, Lehigh 106, University of Pennsylvania 100, Dartmouth 77, Will-

iams 65, Bowdoin 37, Union 30, Colby 21, Trinity 21, Vassar 104, Amherst 98, Yale 134, Princeton 102, Brown 76.

According to the latest educational statistics of this country, out of a population of more than 50,000,000 people, there are 6,229,958 over 10 years of age, making 12.14 per centum, or nearly one-eighth of the entire population, who cannot write.

Among the members of the Boston Latin school senior class is an enterprising colored lad, who earns enough out of school hours at his trade as barber to pay for his living and education. The teachers speak of him as the brightest of his race that was ever in the school.

Rev. Joseph Neesima, a Japanese missionary, gave a very interesting talk recently at Dartmouth College on the present political and religious condition of Japan. He mentioned as an interesting fact, that the first missionary to Japan was a graduate of Dartmouth.

The London school board in three years has built 69 new schools, providing places for 74,356 children, and enlarged 48 other schools, adding 19,321 school places; and only 4770 of these places are in substitution for temporary schools which have been closed. Taking together the board schools and the voluntary schools, there are now provided in the elementary schools of London places for 631,357 children.

Easter will come on April 25. This has not occurred before since 1734, and will not occur again until 1943.

A COMPOSITION.

When it comes time to write a composition, I go around the house making every one miserable by saying, "What *shall* I write for a composition, I can't think of a single thing to write about." It popped into my head to-day that I would write about cats.

Our Egyptian history tells us that the ancient Egyptians held cats sacred and even had at Cairo a home for cats. I think it would be a good idea to have a home for cats here, and every time a tramp cat appears, to carry it to the Cat's Home.

I remember a cat we used to have a long while ago would always take her kittens and go visiting another family, while our dog was around, and generally would stay until the kittens were old enough to care for themselves, when they would all come marching home in triumph. I am not very fond of cats myself; I like black cats better than any other colored cats. We had a handsome black cat named Snow-ball, who went to take a walk one morning and never returned. Perhaps you have heard that cats have nine lives; I think it is well to doubt this until "Q. E. D." has been affixed to it. But cats are certainly hard to kill, and I have heard many a cat story. The worst one I ever heard was declared to be the solemn truth.

Summer before last, while out of town visiting, I met a lady who told this story: A friend of hers had two kittens that she wanted to get rid of, so one Saturday afternoon she tied the two kittens up in a cloth bag,

and put the bag in a pail of water. They were left in the pail over Sunday, and Monday morning the bag was taken out of the pail, and without being opened, buried. When this friend went out doors to hang some clothes on the line, she heard a scratching noise, and looking around she saw those kittens' paws coming up through the ground. You can believe this or not, just as you think best.

I suppose you have all heard of the wonderful puss who wore boots; I wonder if they were made of mouse-skins. Our dog is very fond of cats, but they do not always reciprocate the affection. I remember one time we gave two kittens to a neighbor; the dog did not think much of this, and in a short time he came around the driveway with a kitten in his mouth. He dropped it carefully down in front of the mother cat, and went back and brought the other home. My subject has given out before I thought it would, and I have thought hard for five whole minutes for something more to say. I wish I could be a cat, just for this week, until the examinations are over. I would sit contentedly in a corner and not offer to catch a bird or even a mouse. I would scorn to claim relationship to that wicked cat who walked into the room with a grin on her face and triumphantly exclaimed, "I've eaten the canary!"

In consequence of this being examination week I hope you will let me off with this short composition, and I will try my best to have a nice, long, dry one next time.

PROPHECY OF GRADUATION.

In the year Eighty-six, in the month of June,
When the roses were sending forth sweet perfume,
On an evening all moonlight, and clear as day,
There were crowds of people wending their way
To the famous hall in Westboro town.

Up the broad stairs with eager feet,
Anxious and earnest to get a good seat,
In through the doors a bustling crowd,
Laughing and talking with voices loud.

What causes all this commotion?

List while I tell, in words that rhyme :
'Tis our High School graduating time.
See, here they come, the girls dressed in white,
With eyes all beaming with eager delight,
While essays they'll read with care.

The boys are there also, with eyes as bright,
Although they may not be dressed in white,
Except the bosom and collar and cuff,
Which for them is considered style enough
In this enlightened age.

They declaim in loud tones, so ringing and clear,
That all, even deaf ones, their efforts may hear.
Their hearts, we believe might be heard to beat,
Although for the world don't this repeat,
As they think they're above such emotion.

They sit on the stage, and around them there
Are flowers arranged with skill and care ;
The teachers, too, look learned and wise,
And hope their pupils will surprise
The audience, with learning profound.

Interspersed between comes music sweet,
With words for the time appropriate and meet ;
And we list, and our hearts beat high with pleasure.
At the thoughts of our dear ones' earnest endeavor
In the search after useful knowledge.

This over, then follow diplomas presented
To show that their High School days are ended ;
Then from the committee words earnest and grand ;
Soon after comes time for shaking of hand,
And then the good nights are repeated.

I will tell of some who'll be there I presume
In the year Eighty-six in the month of June ;
If nothing prevents they certainly will,
Because they are striving with all their skill
To learn, so to graduate well.

There'll be Adams and Tewksbury, Murphy and
Day,
With Misses Chamberlain, Jenkins and Fay ;
There's Harrington, Fayerweather, Maley and
Knowlton,
With Misses Bartlett, Rice and Stone ;
Miss Claflin, too, and Fairbanks, twain,
And Walker and Nourse complete the train.

LIFE IN A STREET PROCESSION.

It has been my good fortune, on
several occasions, to take part in the
burlesque division of a procession,
and to those who have never had
such an experience, an account of it
may prove interesting.

For several days previous to the
eventful morning, little groups of
boys may be seen about the school
yard and on the street corners, all
engaged in earnest conversation, but
who become "mum" instantly at the
approach of a stranger. These same
boys may be seen later, slyly carry-
ing queer bundles, wooden frames on
which a banner might be placed, or a
box which could hold a silk hat.

The great day arrives, and in some
barn or kitchen our friends may again
be found. And now the bundles and
boxes have given up their contents
and how changed these youths have
become ! At first glance one might
think he was on a visit to the lower
world, so different are the expressions
on their faces. Time flies fast and
the hour for the moving of the pro-
cession draws near. We now march
to the street on which our division is
to form and take our position in the
line. Our group is at once surround-
ed by a crowd of small boys who
begin to discuss our costumes in
loud voices and are more critical than
we desire. We also hear our names
mentioned more freely than we care
to have them. But the end of this
waiting comes at last, and we pass
from the side street to the broad
Main street and view the crowds
which line each side of the way.

We march along, at first feeling a little timid at appearing in the dress that we wear, but this soon passes off and we are at our ease.

Through one street to another we pass, until the line of march is two-thirds over. Then we become anxious, for much of our wardrobe has been made especially for the occasion and cannot stand very rough treatment. Imagine the feelings of a young man when he finds that by much perspiration the nose on his mask has become wet and is in great danger of falling off, or perhaps the wind blows hard and his silk hat wishes to leave his head and roll in the gutter. At last, however, we march down Main street for the last time, countermarch on "the square," and pass up the street again in review. Then, as the procession is dismissed, we make a rush for our dressing rooms and put on our "civilized" clothes, and there the adventures which befell each one are related.

Ten days afterwards the prize, if we get any, is received and divided, and we each get about six cents for walking through nearly every street in town.

Such is the life of a "horrible."

IT IS WHISPERED

That the boys of the Senior class envy Joseph Bertha.

That the boys got left Friday night, Oct. 23.

That the girls of the S. S. C. can jump fences.

That the boys were there two weeks after, Nov. 5.

That one of the Seniors sings dude tenor.

That a member of the Freshman class while trying in vain to spin his top, exclaimed, as he threw his plaything, "There goes my last suspender button!" He has a top to sell cheap.

That this beats the Chronotype.

That the new creamery is the latest public resort.

That the sidewalk on South street is fast wearing out.

That the boys are much pleased with their new gymnasium.

That the editors will be out of town during vacation, and that search for them with shot guns will be unavailing.

That the S. S. C. meetings have been largely attended.

That thieves are about.

That *leaves* are falling.

RINGS.

The finger ring has been more intimately associated with the most important interests of life than any other ornament. In ancient times, rings were worn by all nations. Many have been found in the tombs of the ancient Egyptians. Those worn by the lower class were usually of ivory or of blue porcelain. The wealthier class wore rings of plain gold bearing a stone engraved with the name of some deity, a sacred emblem, or a legend.

Among the Hebrews, the signet ring was handed down from father to son as a mark of authority. The Lacedemonians were the only people who attempted to prevent by law

the wearing of gold or jewelled rings ; but even here the Spartans took pride in the use of a plain iron ring.

Many Romans, in the reign of Tiberius, escaped from the penalty of breaking certain laws, on the plea that they wore the gold ring ; in consequence of which, an ordinance was passed, that it should be worn only by freemen, whose fathers and paternal grandfathers had possessed a property of 400,000 sesterces. It is said that Charines wore 60 rings or 6 on each finger. Fops had rings to suit the seasons, light ones for summer, and heavy ones for winter.

A ring was worn by the early Christian bishops, and the custom still prevails in the Roman church. At the consecration of the bishops this ring, called the pastoral ring, is blessed and put on the fourth finger of his right hand, as a sign of his alliance to the church. On the death of a pope, his ring is broken, and a new one made for his successor.

The wedding ring is supposed to be of Roman origin. It is also believed that the Romans originated the custom of giving rings with mottoes engraved on them to their lady loves. In the 14th and 15th centuries, the motto was usually inscribed on the outside of the ring ; later, on the inside ; a proof, it would seem, of the increasing modesty of the people.

Among the most common mottoes on old rings are ; "Love, and live happy ;" "I like my choice ;" "This and the giver are thine forever."

Rings were used to cure diseases. They were also supposed to possess magic virtues. Plato tells us that Gyges, king of Lydia, possessed a ring which, when its stone was turned inwards, rendered him invisible. Magic rings were manufactured in Athens, and endowed with whatever charm the purchaser might desire. Rings were sometimes made hollow to contain poison. Hannibal died of poison which he carried in his ring. The ring of Cæsar Borgia had a slide, within which he carried poison, which he sometimes dropped into the wine of his guests : and it is said that his father, Henry VI., had a key ring in which he had concealed a poisoned needle. When he wished to get rid of an enemy, he gave him this ring to unlock a casket.

PHILLIPS EXETER ACADEMY.

Exeter, N. H. is about fifty miles from Boston, on the Boston & Maine railroad. Here hungry passengers between Boston and Portland make the most of the allotted ten minutes for refreshments, the depot being thoroughly furnished for that purpose.

Exeter is a town of between three and four thousand inhabitants. The chief business enterprises are the manufacture of cotton cloth, shoes, and machinery. The Squamscott river flows directly through the town and is navigable to this place. Here further navigation is impeded by dams. To the new comer one of the most interesting sights is the rise and fall of the tides, which are very

marked. Exeter is the county seat of Rockingham county, and the spring and fall sessions of the court are, in consequence, held here, but the academy is the life and heart of the place.

One hundred and two years ago, Phillips Exeter Academy was founded by Dr. John Phillips, the uncle of Samuel Phillips, the founder of Phillips Andover Academy. Each of these gentlemen contributed large sums to both academies, which were founded within a few years of each other. The old school building which stood on the site of the present one was burned to the ground about twelve years ago. From those old halls went forth many a man whose name will live as long as our country has a history. Among them are Webster, Lewis Cass, Edward Everett, Bancroft, the historian, Jared Sparks, Benjamin F. Butler, and a host of other famous men. The portraits of Exeter's most renowned children cover the walls of the chapel from floor to ceiling. After the burning of the old building, an appeal was made to the alumni and friends of the academy, and soon a sufficient sum was raised to erect the handsome brick edifice the academy now possesses.

The academy building is situated in the center of the town, a few minutes walk from the depot. Before it is a large yard in which a dozen or more tennis courts may be marked out. The building has two stories. On the first are the recitation rooms, six in number, and the ante-rooms; on the second floor the chapel occupies the whole of the main building,

and in the wings are the rooms of the two debating societies, "The Golden Branch" and "G. L. Soule," and the school library.

About fifty feet to the left of the academy building is Abbot Hall, named for the first principal, Dr. Abbot, where board about sixty students. Here it may not be amiss to say a few words in regard to the plan on which the academy is conducted. The students are supposed to be, each and every one of them, gentlemen, and as such are allowed the greatest liberties. The thousand and one restrictions which schools of this character put upon their students are wanting here. Only the most wholesome and least oppressive rules are enforced, but woe to the luckless chap who breaks them. Some morning he will be informed that the climate of Exeter is not healthy for him, and that he had better pack his carpet-sack. As a great number of the Abbot Hall students are indigent, and the greatest trust was put in them, a novel experiment was tried and has been successfully carried out. Under the general supervision of one of the professors, the boys are allowed to run the hall themselves, a president and steward being chosen from their number, and boarding on the club system.

To return to the buildings, mention must be made of the new gymnasium now in the process of erection, and another hall similar to Abbot, but patronized by a wealthier class. This is known as Gorham Hall.

Now for the daily routine. Chapel

exercises begin at 7.45, and continue until 8 a. m. After that hour recitations are held until noon, and in the afternoon continue from 2 until 6 o'clock.

The Faculty is composed of seven members; some of whom have been connected with the school for many years. The students do all their studying in their rooms, the school building being used only for recitations. This year the Trustees have given them a rare treat in the shape of a course of lectures, delivered by presidents of the eastern colleges.

The Academy has a campus of which any school might be justly proud; as level as one could wish, and large enough to play two games of foot-ball or base-ball on without interfering with each other in the least.

In athletics, Exeter has been unusually successful this year, winning every match game with Andover. A great spirit of rivalry exists between the two schools. After a victory a great celebration follows. The victorious team is mounted on a tally-ho coach and driven through the town, followed by the whole school. Each professor is visited and cheered, and makes a few remarks befitting the occasion. A big bon fire in front of the Academy winds up the day.

A sad looking man went into a Burlington drug store. "Can you give me," he asked, "something that will drive from my mind the thoughts of sorrow and bitter recollections?" And the druggist nodded and put

him up a little dose of quinine and wormwood, and rhubarb and epsom salts, and a dash of castor oil, and gave it to him, and for six months the man couldn't think of anything in the world except new schemes for getting the taste out of his mouth.—
Burlington Hawkeye.

AROUND THE REGISTER.

Class of '85 :

Katie J Matthews and Annie E. Fales are at the Worcester Normal School.

Walter A. Barrows is at Phillips Academy, Exeter, N. H.

Will M. Bates is at Worcester Technical School.

John and Henry Slattery are at Boston College, Boston, Mass.

Thaddeus S. Harrington, Annie B. Longley, Mary B. Knowlton and Katie McKenna are at home.

Geo. M. Warren, '84, is at Worcester Technical School.

Charles Denfeld, '83, is President of the Freshman class, Brown University.

Will S. Nourse, '83, is a Junior at Amherst College.

Edward C. Bates, '83, is a member of the Freshman class in Harvard University.

Harriet M. Farnsworth, '83, is a student at Wellesley.

Arthur Pierce, '83, is an Amherst Sophomore.

Mr. Horace Rice, '77, and a late teacher of W. H. S., is Principal of Sawin Academy, Sherborn, Mass.

Of our former and pleasantly remembered teachers :

Miss Jennie Justina Robinson is at Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.

Miss K. A. Gage, after studying one year at Cornell University, was awarded a Fellowship for amount of work done and high standing in classes, which entitles her to one year's instruction at Bryn Mawr, Penn., with residence in college and \$200 in money. Miss C. E. Hilliard has been elected assistant to the Professor in Chemistry in the same institution.

Bryn Mawr college is situated in the suburbs of Philadelphia, and by those interested in education is regarded as the highest point reached by women in this country, and has already been termed the "feminine Johns Hopkins" on account of the purpose of its methods and the arrangement of its courses of study on the plan of Johns Hopkins.

THOROUGHNESS A LOST ACCOMPLISHMENT.

How many girls of to-day do anything thoroughly? There is no branch of study, useful or ornamental, but what most of them acquire a smattering of; but ten years after they leave school, they hardly know one book from another, unless it is a popular novel. If they marry, ten chances to one they cannot assist the little son or daughter who wishes mamma could do a sum in arithmetic or find a place on the map. Not only in brain work, but in hand work, they are inclined to think and do things by halves. I saw a young girl fold a pile of handkerchiefs the other day for ironing, but she never thought, after she laid them away nicely in the basket, to wipe the drops of wa-

ter from the kitchen table, or empty the water from the basin and put that away in its place; I saw her mother do that. Many a young woman will sweep the kitchen nicely, even the corners, and after she has taken up the dirt and put it into the stove, will leave brush and dustpan on the stove hearth or in the coal hod, and her mother will hang them up quietly and be thankful that the room is swept, and that she has such a helpful, loving daughter, even if she is so careless and does things by halves.—[Faith Kendall, Springfield, Mass.

A new society has been formed by the members of the Ayer High school, under the name of the Ayer High School Lyceum and Walking club. Its object is the development of the mental and physical powers of its members. Each member pledges himself to walk one-half mile a day the first week of his membership, one mile the second week, one mile and a half a day the third week, two miles a day the fourth week and each day thereafter while he shall remain a member of the club, weather and health permitting. A walking committee keeps a record of the exercise to be taken in place of walking. Once in two weeks a meeting is held at which a report is made by the committee, and a literary entertainment given by members of the club. The sum total in miles walked by the club last week was 180.—*Lowell Journal*.

None more impatiently suffer injuries than those who are most forward in doing them to others.

D. W. MAYNARD,
DEALER IN
FRESH, SMOKED, PICKLED AND SALT
FISH,
Oysters, Lobsters, Clams and all kinds
of Vegetables.
MILK STREET, WESTBORO.

Good manners and good morals
are sworn friends and firm allies.

The best hair invigorator is a grey-
hound.

Chance is a word void of sense ;
nothing can exist without a cause.

A lie has no legs Neither has a
cheese. Some cheeses are living lies.

A good name is your best trade-
mark. It can be equaled but not
counterfeited.

They have patented an automatic
milking stool at last. It shuts up
when the cow kicks.

He that waits for an opportunity
of taking his revenge, watches to do
himself a mischief.

You can prove your pedigree by
your parents, but your good qualities
will be recognized without any such
evidence.

Siberian cats are the newest agony
in pets. A Siberian cat has a cold
and searching voice, and is a valua-
ble addition to the brick yard or-
chestra.

N. TAYLOR & CO.
MERCHANT TAILOR
DAVENPORT'S BLOCK, WESTBORO.

THE HOLIDAYS ARE ALMOST HERE.

We shall very soon be found ready to show you a

LARGE VARIETY OF
ORNAMENTAL
AND
USEFUL GOODS.

In our stock will be found the

LARGEST ASSORTMENT WE
HAVE EVER SHOWN

FOR

CHRISTMAS
PRESENTS.

*You cannot fail to find some-
thing that will please you
to make a present of to
your friends, at prices
never equalled
before.*

We are now selling a JOB LOT

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S
BUTTON BOOTS at \$1.00.

AND

MEN'S CALF BOOTS, \$2.00.
S. M. GRIGGS & CO.

FOR YOUR
CHRISTMAS and NEW YEAR'S
NICETIES,
 VISIT FARNSWORTH BROTHERS.

They have a fine line just received, including
NUTS, NEW FIGS, RAISINS, PRUNES, CITRONS,
 English Currants, Jams, Jellies, Preserves and Confectionery.

AT BOTTOM PRICES.

All are welcome at our store. Remember the place.

NO. 3 WHITNEY BLOCK.

HOLBROOK'S
BOSTON PRICE STORE,

Westboro, Mass., Opposite Post Office.

DRY AND FANCY GOODS, NOVELTIES,
MEN'S, LADIES' and CHILDREN'S UNDERWEAR and HOSIERY,

*Knitting and Embroidery Silk and Floss in great
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